For he the night before in Tarquins Tent,
Vnlockt the treaſure of his happie ſtate:
VVhat priſeleſſe wealth the heauens had him lent,
In the poſſeſſion of his beauteous mate.
Reckning his fortune at ſuch high proud rate,
That Kings might be eſpowſed to more fame,
But King nor Peere to ſuch a peereleſſe dame.

O happineſſe enioy'd but of a few,
And if poſſeſt as ſoone decayed and done:
As is the morning ſiluer melting dew,
Againſt the golden ſplendour of the Sunne.
An expir'd date canceld ere well begunne.
Honour and Beautie in the owners armes,
Are weakelie fortreſt from a world of harmes.

Beautie it ſelfe doth of it ſelfe perſwade,
The eies of men without an Orator,
VVhat needeth then Appologie be made
To ſet forth that which is ſo ſinguler?
Or why is Colatine the publiſher
Of that rich iewell he ſhould keepe vnknown,
From theeuiſh eares becauſe it is his owne?

Perchance